

Liability by heramew

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: F/M, kinda rough, they're just tired of everything

Language: English

Characters: Connie Frazier, Martin Brenner

Relationships: Connie Frazier/Martin Brenner

Status: Completed

Published: 2017-11-02

Updated: 2017-11-02

Packaged: 2022-04-02 01:54:33

Rating: Explicit

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,588

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

The day had been terrible for both of them. They had spent a lot of time arguing without getting any results, him blaming the lack of security in the building, her constantly criticizing the effectiveness of his methods.

Liability

Author's Note:

First time writing on this ship :)

*They say, "You're a little much for me
You're a liability
You're a little much for me"
So they pull back, make other plans
I understand, I'm a liability
Get you wild, make you leave
I'm a little much for everyone.*

Lorde - Liability

"Frazier! Frazier!"

Martin Brenner called as he ran through the parking lot. Connie stopped looking for her car keys and looked up to put a name on the voice calling her name.

"Frazier wait!"

The white-haired man said as he finally reached her car.

"Yes?"

She replied coldly.

The day had been terrible for both of them. They had spent a lot of time arguing without getting any results, him blaming the lack of security in the building, her constantly criticizing the effectiveness of his methods.

"About what happened today, I..."

"Yes?"

She repeated, waiting for him to apologise.

"I know I pushed the limits. I shouldn't have yelled at you like that. I'm sorry Connie."

She pursed her lips. She didn't recall him using her first name in a public place, where anybody could hear him. Hearing it when they were still on the job made her shiver. They had met many times when they were not on duty. They even had slept together a few times in the past. They both agreed that they would keep their feelings away from each other, that sex would always remain a way to release the tension cause by their work and never become something personal. Connie knew Brenner used to sleep with most of his colleagues, although she never wanted to admit to herself that every time someone mentioned his turbulent past, her stomach twitched.

"Can I buy you a drink to make amends?"

He offered, his hand lightly caressing hers. She hid a moan with a long sigh and tried to make her way into the car.

"You know what that means."

Brenner stopped and tenderly grabbed her chin.

"I know *exactly* what that means."

Frazier shivered again. God, the man knew how to get her. She smiled. The whole week had been a nightmare, and she wasn't against what he would call '*a drink*'.

"Is that a yes?"

Martin asked his fingertips now brushing her jawline. Connie nodded.

"Come with me, I'll drive."

xxx

"Damn keys!"

Brenner swore as he fumble in his pockets to find his keys. Her legs locked around his waist and her arms resting on his shoulders, Connie giggled.

"That's not funny."

He mumbled, making her laugh even more clearly.

"Oh it is!"

"Got 'em!"

He finally exclaimed as he held his keys in front of her before unlocking the door. He carried her inside and closed the door immediately behind him to pin her against it. He pressed himself against her and she moaned as she felt how hard he was already. To be fair, she was entirely responsible for this. She had teased him mercilessly when they were at the local dive, sliding her feet along his legs and purposefully resting her hand against his thigh and crotch.

Connie tightened her arms around his neck and lifted her head to finally meet his lips. He tasted like whisky and danger. She loved it drunk, but she knew she would too if she was sober. The blonde bit his bottom lip and ran her tongue over the corners of his mouth. Brenner groaned and hastily started to unbutton her blouse.

At this very moment, Connie knew he had lost his self-control. Brenner could have been his superior and a very cold scientist, he was, after all, a simple man.

Martin cupped her breasts through the bra and squeezed hard, drawing a loud moan of pleasure. She managed to free one of her hands and seized his crotch in response, making him break the kiss and groan against her collarbone.

"Someone's ready..."

She mocked, teasing him through the stretched fabric of his pants.

"And whose fault is that?"

He teased back, sliding his hands behind her arched back to unhook her bra.

"Mine, as usual."

She whispered into his ear while struggling with his zipper. Brenner knew her agent was teasing him, but he couldn't pretend he didn't hear the light reproach she was subtlety making. His authority would never be questioned while her ability to protect the facility had always been the first thing their superiors criticised.

Connie felt her bra falling from her breasts, revealing her pale skin and pink nipples. She heard him untying his belt and kicking his pants off. She managed to grab his hand and brought it between her thighs, silently praising the God who made her opt for a skirt before leaving her house for work. Frazier bit his neck as she felt two fingers sliding inside of her.

"God..." He murmured. "You're so wet."

"Fuck me."

Connie whispered as she realised his fingers weren't enough. She didn't have to say it twice. He lowered his hand to get rid of his boxers and pushed her panties aside before entering her in one hard thrust. She let out a surprised scream, her body tightening around him and her nails digging deeply into his shoulders, but then quickly became accustomed to him again. She rocked her hips, teasing and daring him - as if he needed it anyways - bringing him deeper and begging for a release she knew was perilously close. He slid an arm under her butt and used his free hand to push her legs wider apart while he began to thrust in and out. Connie moaned loudly and locked her arms around his neck, her chin now resting on his shoulder with her blond curls bouncing all over her face. He was far from gentle, but she didn't care. She needed it. They both did.

"Come on.." She panted into his ear. "Give it to me..."

He had never told her, but her voice was one of the things that pushed him over the edges. Neither did he mentioned the numerous times when they would be on the phone for work, late in the evening, and he would be walking around his empty house with a laughable hard-on.

"Harder..."

She moaned, her fingers tangling into his hair in a deliciously painful way. He obeyed willingly and fastened his speed. Her back was now hitting the thick wood of the door after each thrust, but again, this was far from her preoccupations. Connie knew that they were both racing for the same prize, and the only way to achieve mutual satisfaction would be to cross the finish line as one. She brought his hand against her core, encouraging him to stroke her while she tightened her grip into his hair. Brenner groaned in response and began to massage her clit.

"Oh God! Oh yes!"

She moaned, panting against him, her nails digging deeply through the soft fabric of his shirt. Connie knew she was impossibly close, she just needed him to hang on for a few more thrusts. It didn't take long before she began to shake and tighten around him, screaming from both pleasure and pain as she felt him coming inside of her. They both remained firmly pinned against the door until Martin felt his knees weakening, and they gradually slid to find themselves on the floor, Connie's legs still wrapped around his waist and her hands now cupping both sides of his face.

"I think... I think I need to shower."

She whispered despite her reluctance to leave him. He cleared his throat and brushed the wild locks aside from her face to watch her and smile.

"Down the corridor, last door on the right."

xxx

Connie heard the sound of the water running as she drew the covers

over her body. Brenner had offered her one of his shirts but he had refused, feeling already awkward at the idea. The shower had cleaned her body from all the impurities of the day, but also taken away her drunken haze and heated passion. Now, laying alone on the king size bed, all she could feel was cold. She wrapped the covers around her body, trying to fill all the gaps that might let the cold in and burying her head into the soft pillow.

She heard the shower being turned off, and Brenner getting out of the bathroom. She was facing the wall on the other side, so when he touched her shoulder through the blanket, she jumped.

"Are you okay?"

He whispered, and she realised he had never asked that question before.

"Just cold."

Frazier answered, wanting to keep it simple. He ran a hand through his hair, still wet from the shower and smiled.

"Are you sure you don't want a shirt or anything?"

"Nnn nnn"

"Okay."

Brenner settled next to her and pulled the blanket towards him. Connie shivered again. They remained in the same position for a while, laying in silent, apart from each other until the blonde finally turned around.

"Do you mind, you know, just..."

She whispered as she gently placed his hands on her waist.

"Oh sure, no problem."

He tried to sound casual as she turned around again to wrap herself into his embrace, but his voice appeared strangely awkward.

Connie didn't really care about his voice now her focus was now on the warmth blazing through his body, and how comforting it felt against her skin.

She couldn't recall the last time she had felt such a cosy atmosphere but she was at least sure that this time, it was real.